

Shower by dazeddisciples

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Shower

stanley uris had always been ocd, showering at least twice a day, and still wondered why his hair was a mane of puffy curls. with as much conditioner that he used per week, his hair was soft, shiny and thick, bill's favorite thing to hold on to when they fucked. most of the denbrough-uris relationship was quite vanilla, but when it wasn't, oh boy, would you know it. currently, it had turned 9:49 and yawns escaped bill's mouth as he and stanley stood up from the cleaned carpets of their new home. they had recently moved into a small house, where their day was filled with floor-cleaning and furniture dusting. "shower-time!" stanley had said in a sing-song voice to his boyfriend, walking towards the bathroom and turning on the faucet to the warm water, steaming up the mirrors. uris had shrugged off the button-up shirt from his shoulders and unbuckled the belt from his hips, taking off his slacks. his black underwear slid down his hairless thighs and that's when he shivered, exposed. in the back of bill denbrough's mind, he had thought about the lack of sex for a month due to all of the exhaustion because of the move. stan hummed an unfamiliar tune while the shower trickled down his face and torso. oh, how bill missed the touch of uris. he had the desire for stanley's soft, delicate fingers to trail down and into his underwear and before he knew it, he was fulfilling the daydream but it was his own hand instead of his boyfriend's. whimpers left the stuttering boy's lips and his hips thrust into his fist and he wanted stanley in his lap at this very moment but instead, uris was bathing himself in their shared shower across the hall. "st- stanny?" bill had knocked on the bathroom door, interrupting stan's small tune that echoed off the walls. "c- can i join?" he had asked and there was a slight moment of silence before a short "sure" was heard from the jewish boy's lips. bill was so happy, he had thrown his shirt on the ground and stripped his pants and boxers by them and checking his flustered cheeks and messy hair in the steamy mirror that was nearly impossible to see himself through. he had taken a deep breath before opening the glass door to the shower and stepping in. stan's back was towards him and bill couldn't help but stare in desperation at his plump ass that he loved oh, so much. 'unintentionally', stanley had 'forgotten' about bill and backed his ass into him, making denbrough lose his breath. "oh, sorry, bill." he had said but bill had only rolled his eyes and felt his

boyfriend's hips with the palms of his hands, tracing different kinds of shapes and patterns on his smooth, wet skin. stuttering bill had started to kiss on the curly-haired boy's neck, shoulders, back and any piece of him he could get to. small gasps escaped stanley's mouth as he melted under contact. with uris turning around, facing the muscular boy and looking up at him, his hands on his bare chest, his 'innocent' doe eyes had sent a wave of desperation to his half-hard, sensitive dick that was pressing against stanley uris' thigh. "you d-damn well know that you're not sorry. you- you've been teasing me for we- weeks." it was true. stanley's favorite thing to do was rub his feminine hand against the inside of bill's thighs under the dining room table of richie and eddie's home two weeks prior and approximately a month ago, he'd sucked bill off in bill's parent's house in his old room, mr. and mrs. denbrough just down the hall. stanley wanted bill to know what he was doing, as he wanted denbrough to absolutely wreck his lanky figure with his mouth, hands and dick that he loved the taste and feeling of. "i don't know what you're talking about." uris had said, turning back around, his face towards the shower head and his back pressed against bill's chest. within an instant, he was pressed to the wall, his back arching and bill breathing down his neck and a smirk had broken against stanley's lips. "sh- shut the fuck up and let me h- hurt you." richie tozier was the first to know about stanley's pain kink, as one day, richie had jokingly smacked him in the face and a smirk and a groan came from stan. bill had smiled, keeping a mental note for the boy's pleasure and that next morning, bill had wrecked him. that was the best sex they'd ever had. thank you, richie tozier. bill's teeth had grazed at his lover's shoulder, biting down and nearly causing blood to form. a moan had hummed through stan's chest and his arms held him up from the wall, elbows shaking from anticipation and the desire of getting touched. everywhere. "fucking touch me." stan had said and bill listened, reaching his arm over stanley's waist and to his cock. gripping it with his fingers, he had gone at a slow pace, his thumb rubbing over the head that matched the color of his blushing lips and cheeks. his thighs shook and his dick leaked with pre-cum, moans lacing throughout the curses that slipped from his lips. once the boy that was pressed against the wall had stuttered his hips, screaming, bill had pulled his hand away, earning literal tears to slide from the apples of his cheeks. stan had turned around, his back pressed against the shower wall now, and that's when he nearly

came; seeing bill's face towering over him, his bottom lip tucked between his teeth. bill's hands had gripped stanley's ass before lifting him, his legs wrapped snugly around bill's waist. they kissed tightly, chest against chest, lips against lips. bill loved this. the feeling of being cherished by the only man he had ever cared about in the ten years that they'd been dating. "we don't need— ah, fuck— we don't need lube," stanley had said, "i can handle it." that being said, bill took extra time stretching his boyfriend out, seeing his eyes screw shut and his hips buck into his stomach to get some sort of friction while he did this. after one finger, their were three and then four and finally, bill had lifted stanley momentarily and slammed him on to his throbbing cock that was burning in anticipation. uris could see stars, the sound of the rain trickling over their heads seeming to be the prefect harmony with the skin-slapping-skin sound that echoed off of the walls. bruises made themselves known on the back of stanley's shoulder blades as bill slammed in and out of him, hard and fast, thinking of how beautiful the boy would be after he had come; so beautiful, vulnerable. bill's thrusts became sloppy, hitting stan's prostate each time he bottomed out and screams started to lift the dominant's confidence. without being touched, stanley's stomach had trembled and that sent shock waves of pleasure throughout his abdomen, making the boy spurt out ghostly white cum all over his stomach, bill's chest and the shower floor. bill had finished off inside of his love and simply wiped the curls from stanley's forehead and kissed his cheeks. "marry me." bill had said and stanley blinked hard. "what?" he knew him and bill would get married someday but he would have never thought that it was in the shower, cum on his toes and after he'd gotten fucked senseless. "m- marry me. i love you, stanley." "i love you, bill." he said had said yes and the next morning was when the other losers had found out. richie, of course, recommended a bachelor party and neither stan nor bill could let him down.

thank you again, richie tozier.